

THE PIXIES' PLOT

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the [Project Gutenberg License](https://www.gutenberg.org/license) included with this ebook or online at <https://www.gutenberg.org/license>. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this ebook.

Title: Pixies' Plot

Author: Eden Phillpotts

Release Date: January 01, 2014 [eBook #47265]

Language: English

*** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PIXIES' PLOT ***

Produced by Al Haines.

PIXIES' PLOT

By

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Author of

As the Wind Blows; Evander

Pan & the Twins

&c.

LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS LTD
St. Martin's Street, W.C.
1922

Printed in England at the Cloister Press, Heaton Mersey, near Manchester

To
GRANT RICHARDS

In beauty manifold are wrought
Your gardens, full of charm and grace,
That hold the best in every sort
But entrance yield to nothing base.
And 'mid their lawns, austere and bright,
Though statues gleam and fountains play,
There's one wild dingle where half light
Of faery never dies away.

There hang your wreath within a glade
Ere berries shrink and blossoms pine;
For pixy blooms too quickly fade
Plucked by this clumsy hand of mine.
Yet, howsoever swift their end,
They hold a more enduring seed
And bring you, from a kindly friend,
Good will, to dignify the deed.

CONTENTS

1. Pixies' Plot
2. The Charm
3. Joe's Donkey
4. Diana
5. The Mouse and the Epitaph
6. Echo and Narcissus
7. The Sandhills
8. The Ghost
9. A Test
10. Dreams
11. The Fire-drake
12. The Seven Maidens
13. The Heron
14. The Grief
15. On the Ebb
16. Scandal
17. To a Bat
18. Moon-Moth
19. The Hunting
20. The Good Girl

21. [The Lover](#)
22. [The Motor Car](#)
23. [The Sea Scouts](#)
24. [Song for the Spheres](#)
25. [The Circle](#)
26. [To Anthea's Bosom](#)
27. [Dust](#)
28. [Young Night](#)
29. [Jill Bassett](#)
30. [Tailpiece](#)

THE PIXIES' PLOT

(A pleasant maxim of old time directed the gardener to leave one corner as nature planned it, for the little people. Thus welcomed, they might be trusted to show their human hosts goodwill, friendship, and service.)

You have it, or you have it not:
The cantle of the Pixies' plot,
Where never spade nor hoe shall ply
To break that treasured sanctity.
Touch no bloom there; uproot no weed;
Let what will blow.
Suffer the thistle, briar and thorn to grow,
The dandelion to seed.

Though full the garden of your mind,
Well planted on a soil that's kind;
Your hedges gay, your borders clean,

Your seasons fair, your clime serene,
 Yet trammel not the Pixies' mite,
 For well-coming
 Chance little, wandering, weary, fairy thing
 Lost in the dim owl-light.

Still virgin, free and set apart,
 Ordain one dingle of your heart,
 Where visions home and wing to you
 The golden dreams that might come true.
 Herein a gentler dawn than day
 Shall often break
 For foot-sore spirits, tired of reason's ache,
 And children come to play.

THE CHARM

When chafers drone their litany
 And pray, "Oh, Father, grant that we
 From airy-mouse delivered be,"
 Go seek the charm.

Under the sky, when a star shoots,
 Beneath an oak, when the owl hoots,
 Gather ye simples, dig ye roots
 For the rare charm.

That glassy ghost upon a thorn—
 The raiment of a snake outworn—
 Must backward through the dark be borne
 To feed the charm.

A glow-worm—she whose gentle light
 Glimmers green-gold through a blue night
 Beside the churchyard aconite—

Shall help the charm.

One willow from the cradle take
Where a boy baby lies awake,
And splinters off a coffin break
To build the charm.

A tarnished silver chalice bring,
Dead gossips gave at christening,
And dip the moonlight from a spring
To crown the charm.

This much, God wot, a child might do,
Yet all must fail if haply you
Lack a child's faith, so trusting, true,
To bless the charm.

Many the spells of high degree
And fruitful happiness I see
All lost, for faith to set them free
And work the charm.

JOE'S DONKEY

The harp of night had silver strings,
The moon was low, the stars burned dim,
When from a wood, with roaring wings,
Joe flushed a brace of cherubim.

His eye did bulge at sign so brave
To see the shining angels pass;
Then, happening beside her grave,
He met his dead and buried ass!

She'd broke a leg and so was slain

And buried here a week ago;
Now, all alive and sound again,
She brayed with joy to welcome Joe!

A holy cross that donkeys bear,
Since Jesus Christ did deign to ride,
The cherubs tempted to repair
That ancient beast in bone and hide.

The harp of morn had golden strings
Ere home they came—Joe's ass and he;
And when their neighbours heard these things
They praised the Lord right heartily.

DIANA

Look not upon a moon that's new,
For with her bitter sickle keen
She comes between, she comes between,
And cuts the tender from the true.

Look not upon a white full moon:
Her stiff-starched pudency doth shame
The throbbing pulse, the leaping flame,
And freezes passion at its noon.

Look not upon a moon that's old
With fallen breast and shadowy eyes,
Till the last hope of loving dies,
And heart's outworn and blood run cold.

THE MOUSE AND THE EPITAPH

In moonlight grey the hungry church-yard mouse
 Sat on old William Blee—his narrow house.
 Climbing the mound, an ancient slate he read,
 Then spoke, with rustic frankness, to the dead.
 "A husband and a father dear': What then?
 So much is true of mice as well as men.
 'Friend to the poor'?' That's humbug, Billy Blee!
 When did you ever spare a crumb for me?"

ECHO AND NARCISSUS

Through the green dell she went,
 Bright haired, with cheeks that burned;
 Her passion hardly pent;
 Her eyes upon him turned.
 Her crocus-coloured gown
 Over her white, young breast beat up and down.

Adream, he did not guess,
 But dwelt upon his thought
 Of perfect loveliness,
 Nor heeded when she caught
 A sigh his bosom breathed,
 And murmured it again with music wreathed.

Oh, wasted wealth of love;
 While Echo's heart will break,
 Narcissus from above,
 Within a glassy lake,
 Beholds perfection lie
 And, for the vision of himself, must die.

Now, hid in bare-ribbed rock
 With crocus-coloured veins,
 She guards from windy shock,

She shields from wild March rains,
 Where grass and granite meet,
 The daffodil that's budding at her feet.

THE SANDHILLS

Oh, naked-footed boy, with the wild hair
 And laughing eyes, is it so long ago
 Among these windy dunes you made your lair,
 Beside the immutable sea's unwearied ebb and flow?

Above you sings the horrent bent; the sun
 Finds you and burns your budding limbs to brown;
 You race the waves and wade and leap and run,
 Then in the sweet, hot sand, contented, cuddle down

You dream great dreams, while all the upper air
 Is musical with mews; and round about,
 Upon the flats among the sea-ways there,
 The dim sea-lavender spreads her purple fingers out.

And still the sandhills roll and still the sea
 Flings a straight line of everlasting blue
 Athwart their shining hillocks; solemnly
 The ships go by, but not the wondrous ships you knew.

When first your path among the sand dunes fell—
 The dunes that stretched as now and shone of yore
 In their bright nakedness—a magic spell
 Of mystery they wove along the shining shore.

This poppy with the horn, this bindweed white
 And salicornia in its crimson bands
 Meant more, far more than beauty and delight:
 They stood for treasure torn from drowning pirates' hands.

These amber weeds were then a garment brave;
These agate stones were gems of splendid size
Once decked a mermaid in a deep sea cave,
Lit by gigantic fish from their green, glimmering eyes.

The sandhills were your giants, cruel or kind;
Each falling billow told another tale;
Fairies and goblins flew upon the wind;
There lurked a tragedy in every sea-bird's wail.

And now the watchful sea doth bid me say;
The salt air whispers me to speak and tell
Where is that little boy from yesterday
Whom wind and wave and sand and sunshine knew so well?

"He was our playmate; us he understood
And ran to us with glory in his eyes;
We loved him and we wrought to work his good;
We made him strong and brave and with our wisdom wise.

"Will he not come again? The flowerets small
Have opened for his eager hands once more;
Among the yellow whins the linnets call,
The wrack and shells he sought still drift along the shore.

"He climbed the crests of all our ridges grey
And sang to us and paddled where our foam
Thins to a crystal film. But yesterday
A happy sprite was he; where now does our boy roam?

"Deep of the many voices, on whose face
No seal is set through all the centuries fled,
Laugh on at time, nor know the hurricane race
Of his few, hurtling years above a human head.

"And thou, old dune; the stars of heaven shall rove,
The galaxies break up to wheel about
And in new, glittering constellations move
Before thine hour-glass grey hath run its measure out.

"Your yesterday, you immemorial things,
 Whereon the ages yet no shadow cast,
 For me the hurrying and sleepless wings
 Of year on stormy year have swept into the past.

"Yet think not I have lost that faith and joy
 Felt when my world was young and I a part.
 Oh, sea and sand and wild, west wind, your boy
 Lies hidden safe within my steadfast, changeless heart."

THE GHOST

Night-foundered to the ruin he came
 Nor recked of its uncanny fame;
 A haunt of slumber opened here,
 And weariness, that casts out fear,
 His footsteps led.
 The moon swam low; the woods were still;
 Dog foxes barked upon the hill;
 With zig-zag wing a flitter-mouse
 Flew in and out the haunted house
 And overhead.

Within, decaying wood and lime
 Lifted their incense up to time;
 The foot fell hollow; echoes woke,
 And whispering, half-heard voices spoke
 Behind the dark.
 Aloft, the drowsy wanderer found
 A chamber far above the ground;
 Whose casement, rusty-ironed and high,
 Gaped ivy-clad upon the sky,
 Starlit and stark.

White-fingered now the moonbeams ran

To ripple on the resting man.
 He saw their stealthy silver creep
 As it would drown him in his sleep
 With splendour mild.
 And then a subtle shadow moved,
 A spirit that the dead had loved:
 For wanly limned against the gloom
 Of that forbid, forgotten room
 There ran a child.

She twinkled in her candid shift,
 Light as a moth, so silent, swift,
 And peeped and peered for what might be
 Hid in that ancient nursery—
 A babe of joy.
 But something called the busy wight:
 She faded sudden from his sight;
 And, as her little glimmer paled
 Like a glass bell, the ghostling wailed,
 "Where is my toy?"

A TEST

He

"I'll bring bright rainbow gold—
 The rainbow too, a gown for you
 In glorious fold on fold.

"A necklace of white stars
 About your throat shall hang and gloat;
 And, for an ear-ring, Mars.

"Unto the ends of earth,
 Oh, dearest Heart, will I depart

To glean their utmost worth.

”Until, with great amaze
At all I do, my Soul, for you,
The good round world shall gaze!”

She

”But these are gifts of dust,
Unfit to prove a hero’s love
Or win a maiden’s trust.

”To love’s supreme degree
If you would come, then bide at home
And never tire of me.”

DREAMS

When I have won to rest once more
In sanctity of night and sleep,
Drift visions from the shadow shore—
Small, patient forms that creep.
They move in drab; they wear no wings;
They are the dreams that might come true—
Meek phantoms of the modest things
That I have power to do.

Like azure shadows in the snow,
Or bloom upon the sun-kissed grape,
Sweep lovelier shapes, that gleam and glow
And don a rarer shape.
They smile with eyes of queens and kings;
They call on me to make them true—
The lordly, gracious, sovereign things

I have no power to do.

Remain such waking dreams as limn
 Upon reality and truth,
 Flying like holy seraphim
 Whose rainbow wings drop ruth.
 Born of the human sorrowings
 That pierce our common nature through,
 They challenge to the mightiest things
 All men have power to do.

THE FIRE-DRAKE

An' it should be you'd make,
 All for your sweetheart's joy,
 A jewelly fire-drake,
 This goes unto the toy:
 A dragon-fly that's blue,
 With little glow-worms two,
 And morning drops of dew
 Upon a spider's thread.

All these are simple things
 And easy to be got,
 But now the fire-drake's wings
 Will puzzle you, God wot.
 The flash that in them lies
 Shall come not from the skies,
 But lights the diamond eyes
 In your dear sweetheart's head.

Lacking that pearly gleam,
 So magical to see,
 Your gift is but a dream:
 The fire-drake cannot be.

But if the maiden pout
 And anger peepeth out,
 Ere she your heart would flout
 Fly to the priest and wed.

Better to love she turn
 At her fond lover's side
 Than for the fire-drake burn
 And ever be denied.
 Go husband and go wife,
 Without one thought of strife,
 In blessing of shared life
 The marriage way to tread.

THE SEVEN MAIDENS

In far away and olden times
 Sped from their hamlet seven maids
 To dim and moonlit heather glades,
 Upon the hour of midnight chimes.
 One passion drew them secretly;
 One master joy their little feet
 Called to that desolate retreat,
 Where never mortal man might see.
 'Twas blue-eyed Dian who led the dance,
 With Linnette, Bethkin, Jennifer,
 Avis, Petronell and Nance.

Unknown they kept their nightly cheer;
 Unguessed beneath the moon they kept
 Brave frolic, while the village slept,
 Nor dreamed the danger drawing near;
 For on a holy Sabbath even,
 When pirouette had been a shame,
 Walking sedate, strange music came

To tempt the toes of all the seven—
Of blue-eyed Dian, who led the dance,
Of Linnette, Bethkin, Jennifer,
Avisa, Petronell and Nance.

The demon Piper tuned his reed
To madden each light-footed maid.
They listened, wondering, unafraid,
Nor thought upon the sorry speed
Awaiting any wanton one
Who'd sport upon the Lord's own Day;
Then, tripping through that dimpsy grey,
Quick fingers joined—the deed was done!
For blue-eyed Dian had dared to dance
With Linnette, Bethkin, Jennifer,
Avisa, Petronell and Nance.

Their eyes like emeralds through the gloom,
Leapt elves and fairies, gnomes and imps,
In fearful haste to win a glimpse
Of the unhappy maidens' doom;
For sudden rang a thunder-shock
And flashed blue lightning-fork, to show
Beneath its grim and baleful glow,
Each flying girl turned to a rock!
Alas for Dian, who led the dance,
For Linnette, Bethkin, Jennifer,
Avisa, Petronell and Nance.

And now, at every Hunter's moon,
That haggard cirque of stones so still
Awakens to immortal thrill,
And seven small maids in silver shoon,
'Twixt dark of night and white of day,
Twinkle upon the sere, old heath,
Like living blossoms in a wreath,
Then shrink again to granite grey.
So blue-eyed Dian shall ever dance
With Linnette, Bethkin, Jennifer,

Avisa, Petronell and Nance.

THE HERON

Where leaps the burn by granite stairs
Into an eddying pool, he stood,
Personifying solitude
And meditating his affairs.

A bird august beyond belief
Distinguished in his way of thought,
Yet the sworn enemy of sport—
A "poacher," "vagabond," and "thief."

Creation's lord, the heron knew,
Denied his right to fish for trout—
A fact that often made him doubt
Of justice on a general view.

Then me he saw, and, guessing not
I held him innocent to be,
He spread slow pinions heavily
And drifted to a lonelier spot;

But left a feather by the stream,
Deep in the plume, fair, silver grey,
With which I'll write upon the day:
"Live and let live" shall be my theme.

THE GRIEF

A grief came unto me at noon of night
 Blown on a breath of silky, southern air
 With scent of myrtles and a crown of light
 For aureole: vanished loveliness was there
 And old, lost, magical things, all gracious and all rare.

Wings of cloud-purple from the Inland Sea,
 Foam-tipped, my Grief outspread; the southern sun
 Burned for a diadem, and mystery,
 From the dim smoke of olive orchards won,
 Arrayed that delicate shape in silver they had spun.

How little, little 'twixt our joy and woe!
 Not sorrow then, but glad epiphanies
 Of treasured happiness from long ago,
 Had been my dreaming; but in bitter wise
 The Grief looked on my face with a dead woman's eyes.

ON THE EBB

The tide fell fast and foaming, the empty sand shone bright,
 And by the ocean roaming, upon the edge of night,
 I found a something stranded with sea-fowl mewing high—
 A wondrous atom landed and left all high and dry.

Whoever yet suspected mer-babies on a beach?
 Yet here, by tide neglected, lay one within my reach—
 A dainty, winsome creature as pink as any rose,
 His golden tail a feature to take the place of toes.

And through the billows splashing, the sunset in her hair,
 Over the white foam flashing, there rode a lady fair.
 His blue-eyed, wild mer-mother swam wailing on the sea.
 She sparkled through the smother and clamoured mournfully.

In gentle hands and steady, I lifted her delight,
 Made sure that she was ready, then flung with all my might.
 She sprang, like salmon leaping; she laughed in radiant
 And gathered to safe keeping her rosy, golden boy.

I'd earned a mother's blessing—a good thing any day;
 But now one fell to guessing what Science had to say:
 For such authentic wonders, upon an ebbing tide,
 Show zoologic blunders that cannot be denied.

SCANDAL

An owl alighted in the yew
 Beside a poet's little house;
 The hour was nearly half-past two,
 And, as he ate his juicy mouse,
 A cuckoo clock made cheerful chime
 Within and shouted out the time.

"O gracious God!" the owl began,
 And rolled his round eyes at the moon,
 "What a black piece of work is man—
 Well might we miss cuckoo in June.
 How mad, misguided, inhumane
 To keep cuckoo upon a chain!

"But all the feathered folk must know;
 This infamy I'll bring to light,
 And hoot the horror high and low
 And scream the crime by day and night.
 No bird shall sing to him again

Who keeps a cuckoo on a chain.”

TO A BAT

The sickle moon is in the west
 And where, against the fading green,
 A thicket darkles shall be seen
 The humming chafers on their quest.
 Come, leather-bird, rise up and gird!

Round sunset eaves there boom again
 Great beetles on their sharded wings
 And many air-borne lesser things
 Are tapping at the window pane.
 Come, flitter-mouse, and haunt my house.

But where the stygian water broods,
 Dim twilight homes for evermore,
 And bats beat up the dusky shore
 For white, ghost-moths in phantom woods.
 Come, pipistrelle, be off to hell.

MOON-MOTH

Beyond the sun, beside a crystal sea
 She ruled her isle of lapis lazuli.
 Her palaces of marble, agate, jade
 Rose like a sheaf of savage flowers and laid
 A splendour on the waves that only night could fade.

And for her nameless sins and cruelties,

Murders of love-mad men and lusts and lies,
 Her sentence fell and she was swept away
 From flaming pomps and crimes and royal sway,
 Hurl'd from the joy of life, rapt from the light of day.

Yet, being fairest far and loveliest
 Of any in a woman's body drest,
 Fate banished not her beauty from the earth—
 Only her evil happiness and mirth,
 And left her living dead, doomed to eternal dearth.

The Shadows that do mould our destiny
 Willed her a moon-moth evermore to be—
 Woman and insect one in mingled state,
 A chimera without a peer, or mate,
 To ancient Night inscribed and Darkness dedicate.

By day she sleeps, even as the vampires sleep,
 Behind her sombre wings, that fold and keep
 Her body's glory hidden: they are brown,
 Grizzled and amber, jagged and slashed adown
 With faded serecloth grey—a winding-sheet for gown.

And while she hides within some tawny brake
 Her shard but echoes the dead leaf and snake,
 Where, tranced in slumber, through the long day's prime
 Her motley coverings harmonious chime
 With sad, crepuscular shades in dusky, twilight rhyme.

Invisible thus; but when returning night
 Drowns with a purple torrent all the light,
 She rises woman high and spreads her wing,
 A rare, unparagoned, unearthly thing
 Beyond the dream of joy or grief's imagining.

Upon her head two radiant feathery rays
 Of crocus fire flash upward; but the gaze
 From her dim, poisonous, and anguished eyes
 Throbs out with passionate, violet miseries,
 In hate that never fades and woe that never dies.

Her body, like the heart of a white rose,
 Shines in the petals of her wings and glows;
 Her pinions—azure, lilac, marigold—
 Wide on the dark deliciously unfold
 As any rainbow bright, as any glacier cold.

Lit with her own and inner gleam, she shines
 Like a low meteor through the lians and vines,
 Flies upward high beyond the forest towers,
 Then swoops and hawks along night-hidden bowers,
 To hang on murmuring plumes and drink the livid flowers.

Most fair, most foul, at Moira's stern decree
 The radiant monster wanders wretchedly
 Haunting each strand and isle of that lone shore
 Where never human eye may see her more,
 Or sentient soul delight and tremble and adore.

Yet deep in dreams I often faintly hear,
 Like a sad wind that strokes my sleeping ear,
 By fairy waters of that far lagoon,
 The moon-moth wailing, wailing to the moon
 Through many a silver night at hour of plenilune.

THE HUNTING

When red sun fox steals down the sky,
 And darkness dims the heavens high,
 There leap again upon his tracks
 The eager, starry, hunting packs.
 They glitter, glitter, gold and green,
 With sparks of frosty fire between,
 And Dian bright as day;
 While in the gloaming, far below,
 Brown owl doth shout "Hi! Tally Ho!

Sun fox hath gone away!"

To music of the spheres they sweep
 Over the western world asleep;
 Then in the east, with sudden rush,
 Sun fox shall whisk his white-tipped brush.
 The field is fading, gold and green,
 With sparks of frosty fire between,
 And Dian growing grey;
 While morning leaps the hither hill
 And herald lark shouts with a will,
 "Sun fox hath gone away!"

Oh, Huntress fond and silly stars—
 White Venus, fiery, futile Mars,
 In vain your pack ye whirl and cast
 Upon the marches of the vast;
 In vain ye glitter, gold and green,
 With sparks of frosty fire between,
 And Dian's arrows fly
 In silver shafts of broken light;
 For ne'er shall day be caught by night,
 And sun fox cannot die.

THE GOOD GIRL

When you were born, a shooting star did sunder
 The nightly void, and flashed to earth and brought
 Endowment of rare magic and sweet wonder
 And gifts beyond your mother's highest thought.

Oh, blessed be your soul of cheerfulness,
 Your mind content and steadfast set, to hold
 Such level journeying through storm and stress
 Of life's rough weather and hope's heat and cold.

You come, a restful breath of evening wind
 Upon the parched day, and cannot see
 Your winning humour hearten many a mind
 Where you bestow yourself unconsciously.

Never the violet her own fragrance knew:
 Even such a flowery innocent are you.

THE LOVER

Under the silver thatch, where dwells my love,
 About her dormer window, in the straw,
 The sparrows build, and with their morning talk
 Often awaken her.

And by the lattice climbs a crimson rose,
 Who, if he could but see my dinky dear,
 Before her loveliness, so wonderful,
 Would pale with jealousy.

When the first glow of honeysuckle dawn
 Cuddles her cottage in the dayspring light,
 I pass upon my woodland road to work
 And whistle as I come.

And if she hear me and twinkle out of bed
 To wave a kiss, then all my toil goes well;
 But if she heed me not, for weariness,
 How long the working day!

THE MOTOR CAR

Owlet sat, so quiet and good,
At the edge of Yarnier Wood,
While a mother owl hard by
Sought his supper silently.

Sudden came two hideous screams,
Wakened owlet from his dreams;
Down the road, on unseen wing,
Swept a vast and awful thing.

Twice he heard the monster shriek,
Saw its head and shining beak
Twixt huge eyes, that burned the night,
Brighter than the moon was bright.

Hooting horribly it fled—
Where the water-meadows spread.
"He will catch," thought owlet now,
"That red thing they call the cow."

Came his parent presently:
Heard him squeak with fearful glee,
"Mother dear, I've seen and heard
Such a devil of a bird!"

THE SEA SCOUTS

While all alone I wandered
At even by the sea,
Where winds and water pondered
Of how they came to be;
Where kittiwakes were crying
And salty spindrift flying
Through daylight slowly dying
A Shape confronted me.

She faced the broad Atlantic—
 That maid of stately mien,
 Purer than foam, gigantic
 As Amazonian Queen.
 Her billowy robe, unknowing,
 How wild the wind was blowing,
 Showed not a throb or flowing,
 Hung steady and serene.

It was no fellow being
 For she stood ten feet high,
 And seaward gazed, unseeing
 The human passer-by;
 But only billows roaming,
 And wide-winged sea-fowl homing
 Through crepuscule and gloaming
 Beneath an ashen sky.

The spectre rose before me
 Most woeful, wan and white
 Upon that foreshore stormy
 Between the day and night;
 And such an apparition
 In this unique position,
 Despite her sad condition
 Awoke my wild delight.

Then came three youthful creatures,
 And them I bade with awe
 Behold the mournful features
 Of phantom on the shore.
 They laughed and said she'd drifted
 To land with bosom rifted—
 A figure-head uplifted
 From wreck of "Margery Dawe."

They dared, those sea-scout shavers
 Who watched this lonely coast,
 Assert in treble quavers
 We stood before a post;

They treated as a fiction
My gratified conviction
That, in her pale affliction,
We'd met a salt-sea ghost!

Thus hard-eyed youth advances
By shadowless, stark way
Our middle-aged romances
To slight and scorn and slay;
Our make-believe to tatter;
Our gallant dreams to scatter;
To flout our faiths and shatter
Our twilight in their day.

SONG FOR THE SPHERES

A drop of fire from a flying sun—
Sing, old stars, the World's begun.

An ocean warm where electrons strive—
Sing, old stars, the World's alive.

Age upon age and link upon link—
Shout, old stars, the World can think.

War's red knife hisses home to the haft—
Mourn, old stars, the World runs daft.

Reason and Love shall conquer and reign—
Sing, old stars, the World grows sane.

Liberty, Liberty, Liberty!

Shout, old stars, the World is free.

THE CIRCLE

When shepherd darkness folds the fading day
 And faints the West beneath the world's wide brim,
 There stands a brotherhood, remote and dim,
 Of cowed and hooded wights rolled up in granite grey.

Spirits of dusk from out a far-off prime
 Beyond the shadowy pale of bygone eld,
 Immutable and constant and unquelled,
 They hold their everlasting state and tryst with Time.

These stones have seen the red-eyed wolf pack throng
 To slay the fleeting elk upon the waste,
 And they have marked the cave bear's clumsy haste,
 Shuffling great golden furse and ragged rocks among.

O cirque, what meanest thou? Sepulchral lore,
 Or ritual of the quick? Did thirsty god
 Drink blood of sacrifice upon this sod?
 Art thou a temple wrought for deities of yore?

What dread, what joy, what Neolithic rule,
 What shouts of agony or pæans of praise
 Awoke, ye stones, the morning of your days?
 They answer not, but seek the shadowy crepuscule.

The Stone Man lifted them; his hairy hand
 They felt and knew, when Night's eternal brow
 Gleamed with another diadem than now
 Ere Egypt's mountain graves pressed on the desert sand.

Bowed but enduring, Time hath failed to break

That emblem of eternity they trace
 Upon the bosom of this desolate place;
 And holy shall it be for their most ancient sake.

They have withdrawn upon the unseen light
 Of immemorial time; the vanished past
 Receives them once again to haunt her vast—
 A sanctity beyond wild Chaos and old Night.

TO ANTHEA'S BOSOM

When that I went, a little lad, to school—
 One half a cherub and one half a fool—
 The weary pedant dinned upon my ears
 That all the world is but two hemispheres.

Maybe I doubted then, for I was born
 To laugh the wisdom of the wise to scorn;
 But now, indeed, most surely it appears
 That all the world is but two hemispheres.

DUST

A cone of dust is dancing at the lane end,
 Caught from the surface of the thirsty trackway
 And dropped again, into annihilation,
 By gusts from nowhere.

Upon the wheel of little whirlwind moulded,
 It billows in a wreath of spiral beauty,
 But, swifter than the smoke of fire dislimning,

Endures no longer.

So I, intrinsic one slippery moment
 Share with my brief, grey brother at the lane end
 His buffet into being, then, unfettered,
 A like dismissal.

Dust of the cosmos, you alone eternal
 Immutable behind a myriad garments,
 Your stars grow ripe upon the boughs of heaven;
 But you bate nothing.

All one to you the forms and the reforming,
 The fashion of the man, or mouse, or mountain:
 So order be declared and conquered chaos
 Dethroned for ever.

YOUNG NIGHT

When flitter-mice with zigzag flight
 Specked the green sky at twilight dim;
 When the wise bird from out the brim
 Of forest darkness to the light
 Floated and perched upon a height,
 With mellow voice to welcome night;

When day was stolen from the dale
 To leave, where little river goes,
 One farewell, dusky gleam of rose;
 When down the purple of the vale
 A wingèd beetle boomed his tale
 And night-moth drank from night-flow'r pale;

When grey churn-owl within a glade
 Purred through the gloaming, till the sky

Throbbled with his goblin melody;
When, by her stone, the glow-worm played
And with an emerald lamp betrayed
The new-born dew-drops on the blade;

When young Night's self in starry dress
Came timid to her throne again—
Sweet anodyne for dead day's pain
And fire and wound and fevered stress—
With heart to soothe and will to bless,
Then how I loved her loveliness!

JILL BASSETT

Jill Bassett, she was dancing mad,
And any lad
Who'd win that most amazing maid
Must needs be a light-footed blade.

So said the folk; but I had pelf,
And when the elf
Found she might reign at Chadley Wood,
Though I weren't young, she thought it good.

She danced into my arms, and then,
Along of men
And some harsh words I'd got to say,
One autumn time she danced away.

She vanished, like a bow on rain,
And, to be plain,
I didn't feel no mighty wrench
Nor much bewail the giglet wench.

Then came a bit of funny news

From Billy Bewes:
 He'd seen the wretch at Christmas time
 Dancing in Plymouth pantomime!

For five good year no more was heard
 Of the rash bird;
 Then danced she back; but not to I:
 Her mother took her in to die.

Her breathing parts was nearly gone,
 Her dancing done.
 She wilted, like a davered rose;
 But I forgave her at the close.

With Bassett folk they dug her pit;
 It wasn't fit
 That she should lie where I shall go:
 Her mother granted that was so.

Then, passing New Year's night, I saw
 Upon the hoar
 Of moony frost in churchyard ground
 The woman dancing on her mound!

I'll take my oath afore my God
 She swept the sod
 With naked feet and showed her charms
 And twirled about her twinkling arms.

A brace of owls that saw her too
 Made their hulloo,
 To which she danced so wondrous brave
 Over the silver on her grave.

Mayhap the cold got in her bones
 Under the stones,
 And up the wilful ghostey came
 To warm herself at her old game.

And I was on my hoss's back—

I'd had my whack,
But only just the usual three,
And no man ever doubted me.

TAILPIECE

At turn of night the wild geese fly
And waken drowsy wonder
Beneath their wingèd thunder;
Then silence falls again,
Until the homing barn-owls cry
And ring with hollow laughter,
From ivy-tod and rafter,
The farm upon the plain.

The lark's aloft, a bead of gold;
While yet the earth lies darkling,
His little body's sparkling:
The sun has risen for him.
A dotted track on dew-grey fold
The weary fox is leaving;
I hear the plovers peeving;
The morning star grows dim.

*** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PIXIES' PLOT ***

A Word from Project Gutenberg

We will update this book if we find any errors.

This book can be found under: <https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/47265>

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the Project Gutenberg™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. They may be modified and printed and given away – you may do practically *anything* in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

The Full Project Gutenberg License

Please read this before you distribute or use this work.

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at <https://www.gutenberg.org/license>.

Section 1. General Terms of Use & Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work,

you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate ac-

cess to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at <https://www.gutenberg.org> . If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this ebook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Guten-

berg™ web site (<https://www.gutenberg.org>), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and The Project Gutenberg Trademark LLC, the owner of the

Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3. below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES – Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND – If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS,’ WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PUR-

POSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY – You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need, is critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation web page at <https://www.pgla.org> .

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project

Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's principal office is in Fairbanks, Alaska, with the mailing address: PO Box 750175, Fairbanks, AK 99775, but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email business@pglaf.org. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

For additional contact information:

Dr. Gregory B. Newby
Chief Executive and Director
gbnewby@pglaf.org

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit <https://www.gutenberg.org/donate>

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation meth-

ods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: <https://www.gutenberg.org/donate>

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works.

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility:

<https://www.gutenberg.org>

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.